

# Clash Wires

**NEW FARM** slice of the country: Foreign temp labour confronts insecure boss

**1 Royal Headache** you won't medicate



**UNCOMMON TALES** including HEX, Clever, PISS PAIN, KFloor + ALIENS

**Personally hand-folded  
creases**

## PISS PAIN

Third band written about in series of bands with word 'piss' or 'suck' in the title. Piss Pain are a staple of Brisbane live music. Didn't just meet them at a show either, none of this 'support the local scene' bias in effect here because the deranged warbling coming out of their free bandcamp album could've been any basement or garage. Intuitive dumb-smart semi-agitated, The Thing (edit: Sloth) from Goonies that sits and goes "rahhh!" and pulls it's chains (Goonies, the 80s kid's club treasure hunt adventure film with pirate ship in haunted treasure house and tied up mutant man). That's Hate Forge on the demo. Also, the Thing here would be chipping away precisely and harbouring some secret, ominous, but righteously bittersweet and intelligent sentiments. You can just tell, looking at it and it's surroundings and noticing it's dogged and precise persistence. If it got out of the basement, what's it going to do anyhow? It's ugly and hardly vocalises anything. Piss Pain don't have vocals, much, and when they do, half the time it seems to be a guest or something really sparse and indistinct. It's the anti-pop-star, anti-rock-legend, egalitarian-seeming work unit. Don't need to talk or be talked at. Also, don't need to know what to do. Especially when that old blues song comes on. And look at that empty set of clothes on their self-titled LP with a guitar lying on them. Removed themselves from the thing altogether. Can't see The Thing, can't see a rock archetype, just a thing as if churned out methodically by a tradesman. Proudly, but humbly, sensibly, frustratedly, good job.

## Clever, HEX and Kitchen's Floor

A magnificent pantomime show was put on with marvellous stage adornments including dead birds with necks wrung in wire barriers resembling outdoor fences, glittering instruments of the finest craftsmanship surpassing the finest jewels in splendour, and of course, a backdrop capturing the eternal mystery of the European forest. Clever began the night of entertainments with mic-swinging of a fearsome mace-weilder, evidently protecting his girlfriend and the other young ladies who perchance found themselves at the front from some unseen malady from the skies. Audience channelled their collective

energy in somewhat ominous, synchronised sways to varying degrees of idiosyncrasy as the ancient wood panels and stone walls imbued their spirits & sound vibrations of musical charm into their bodies with medieval decisiveness. The specific magic of this no ordinary commoner's pub seemed less placated by the less sophisticated blows of Kitchen's Floor, however, and wrought havoc on their instruments with the exception of the stolid drummer, perhaps sheltered by some familiar amulet. Kennedy summoned his wits and wove a dolphin-fornicatingly gleeful guitar spell as the Schenau wrestled with the bass-string-turned snake and Byrne the mad alchemist fiddled around with formulae in the corner to tweak their specs, none too futile. The night was saved by a good witch who produced a bass guitar which illuminated in the hands of Glen like the gleaming sword of a special impish heir. Kitchens Floor are not afraid to die Before Dawn, which the weathered battlers of yore attested with great alcoholic fervor, for they had not seen such excitement in a very long time! Kennedy lamented, that it should have been Kitchen's Floor sacrificed on the front line instead of the skillful Clever. But the battle was far from lost as three good witches appeared, having defended the entrance alone for quite some time. The metal-clad battlers of yore could not have conceived of such as intensifying furor of musical energy and the universe contained in that room was tilted to a balance of perfect curvature and upright-minded dignity. Men, women and children of the village began to emerge from their oppressive, individualistic psychic hovels and mingled amongst each other with a freshened civic sensibility. The final battle call: we must save the greyhounds. Great evil befall them. The rat race, we have defeated here for timeless virtue; but the greyhounds persist in ominous, fetid entrapments of our great and distant enemies. If you would like to sign the anti-greyhound petition then summon Jaden, noble Govner of Mute Point/Mount Ari.

**Filler Friday** It is actually Wednesday

## A Notice From the Aliens

We wish to notify humankind that we possess the destructive capacity to destructive instant the humankind. Particular, and strict we say:

In thirty years if one human child or adultchild telepathic-ally tell us they want to die we will destructive thorough planet life. If any human body or animal are hurt, neglected or killed in production of change to body-emotional non-die-desire state of world leading to deadline then direct perpetrators will be eaten and indirect perpetrators be victims indirect also.

Deadline extension may be granted in case of limitation of earth-resources and in proof of research in the case of pure biological species shortcoming in for instance, curing diseases, but resource apparatus/process must be proven established serious concrete. Each case of die-wanting must be proven in court to be reasonably attributed to causes that are to be attempted to be cured in established research apparatuses. These causes do not include unprevented causes that are known causes of human suffering. Human kind has been equipped with all inter and inner resource to not require elaboration further on this. God speed, human many

### **MORE MYSTERY AND BATHROOM RELATED INDIGNITIES**

There could be a "NO CUM SOCKS" sign at laundromats. Or a separate washing machine for cum socks, nappies, period blood underwear, ok-looking clothing items that looked like roadkill at first but turned out to be salvageable finds, smelly shoes, cushion covers of day-trader's computer chair augments etc. It would be funny, and also a bit exciting, everyone's filth all together like that. Interesting.

90s filth was, I mean 20<sup>th</sup> century filth was more pop-sexuality or fluroescent putty gross-out. Yeah, get your puffy skate shoes stuck in festival mud, go out looking to 'score' but nope, we've got the real filth. Aw yep, get off on Catholic schoolgirl fetish, rebelling against the idea of *religion* and *the family*. Yeah, *real dirty* you *squares*. You don't even know what you're subverting anymore. Cliche. The last bastion of subversion is perhaps actually toilet humour, a rebellion against sexiness itself. You bond with people at parties not by getting each other off in the toilet but by telling each other about the biggest dumps you've been taking, unnecessarily

announcing your period, about the sewage problems of your aging houses, and the beer tasting like PISS. CAT PISS. WHALE PISS. DOLPHIN PISS.

Past edition's cover photo was GG Allin's Supreme Dump. He did it on stage and it is on youtube.

I would like to see more grease, sweat... On the most basic level, the flouting of enforced neatness and the entertainment of mystery. Stealth mode in the surveillance age. I'm giving a bit away, but not too much. *Tactics*, you repetitive oafs. Secrets. *Other* kinds of neatness.

Dunno if GG Allin gave anyone e coli infection, maybe he did? Anyhow, just a 20<sup>th</sup> century anomaly along with those appropriated swastikas and all the drug mythology shit. There's another peculiar brand of openness and mysterious romance. GG Allin is gross. That drawing is actually perhaps of stunning naïve crassness and I would not like the children to emulate. I don't know what I mean of this, actually. Gross. It's *relational art*, I guess; take what you want or will.

### **BRISBANE'S TIME FOR VILLAGE BLUES**

A scene erupted in the picturesque village of New Farm on Tuesday after frustrated Portuguese student-workers confronted a flustered editor/owner about underpayment. A false 8am start became a 10am courier unloading of paper bundles, and more waiting until approximately 11am, when the boss arrived and gave a yell to load up the boot. Three of us meek, linguistically limited temp workers came to the window and attempted to start a conversation about correct payments, the Portuguese man stating the amount missing down to the last dollar, based on starting and finishing times they'd recorded. The boss then hastily parked while making it clear that WE CAME HERE TO DO A FUCKING JOB... You tryin' a blackmail? Lying? Not manning up and confronting beforehand? Not texting about pay disputes beforehand? No you *didn't* text me. This is a SMALL BUSINESS you hear, he needs FLEXIBILITY and does not pay according to the ordinary calculations. We're LETTING HIM

DOWN, when did he let us down, right? May as well ask to fight! May as well go home! It IS an informal arrangement, he has people in and out all the time. Can't give them the flick if they seem to be threatening to strike, though. Got a FUCKING PAPER TO DELIVER, I get it, but *look at it*. Look at that scratched up 4WD, look back at that real-estate-funded, generically-affluent stock photo-looking cover face for ten thousand times, then get yelled at like it's a military operation. Just absurd.

Rare to have a community paper these days, what a shame it operates this way. Personally, I would consider a slimmer, minimally commercial, self-printed publication filled with original content for kind friends and interested pedestrians. That'd do the job. Who's going to publicly complain about unjust tree lopping, support family businesses and soft-left social charities, give beaming Grandmas article cut-outs of model grandchildren if the business falls apart? Not *my* job. I do the music and whatever else, you do whatever is dear to your heart.

## ROYAL HEADACHE

Well, I wanted Royal Headache and I got one at the Casino because everything else was closed. Wondered if that casino had those special doors in the toilets for if you want to die losing all your money. *I* didn't. *I* appropriated the casino for revolutionary ends. As in writing an article. Beginning that article on Royal Headache (I didn't really have a headache, by the way. Just maybe a slight twinge of a back knot.)

"It was the best of times, it was the blurst of times" - The Simpsons Monkey, and then Mr Burns says "you stupid monkey", and you may bethinking that a monkey could have written this article! Ha ha! The obvious (obviously obvious) reference for the festival name that hosted the show, one of many sprawled out in different venues under the same arm band and one-bigger-price-for-all. The following band Bris 182 even included ten guitars and sounded exactly like their namesake and had girls on guitars too. I counted the guitars. I saw people dancing to the trashier music next door tht you can see over the balcony above the sports projector. I heard some kids make some smart little quip to a friend like

the kind I make, all these humble-looking kids in vaguely punk, cheap but conservative clothes. Kids – nah, younger crowd than I'm used to but around 20?

I reckon these kids must be decent kids. More decent than me, also a kid. They fucking *loved* Royal Headache. They seemed like good, unpretentious, age-appropriately shy and/or physically enthusiastic and they knew the words. Yep, Shogun, punk is dead, and you are the coolest guy alive for singing what sincere hearts actually feel... Two guys shoulder to shoulder, yelling the lyrics to GARBAGE like they wrote it together, two girls hugging to the sad song at the end, what seemed like the whole crowd swaying with zero scepticism to, "put your baby in the mood, cause she don't feel right" post punk-is-dead announcement. And those words, "*think of your family*". Now, me, I'm a thug, ramming into the two tallest guys with Violent Soho shirts embracing all the rock cliches for the first time in forever. Also imagining a domino effect whereby I push a crowd of people into somebody with a back issue or get an elbow in the temple. But, uh, it didn't matter. Never mind, we survived. None of the "more!" chants, though, cause that's not Fair Trade Music. Royal Headache did it though, irreplaceable, on the condition Shogun could sit down. Covered in sweat, singing really good. Real work, real thought.



Thanks from Punk Puppet

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